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**Sharp's new London
songster**

London

[18--]

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OCLC Number : 27600839

Call Number : W PN970.E5 SHARx v.34

**Title : Sharp's new London songster : being a collection of the
newest and most favorite songs of the day.**

Imprint : London : J. Pattie : M.A. Pattie, [18--]

Format : v. ; 20 cm.

Note : Cover title.

Note : Running title: New and favorite songs.

Note : Without music.

Note : Library has no. 29 and 34 only.

Subject : Chapbooks, English.

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Film Size: 35mm microfilm

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Reduction Ratio: 8:1

Date filming began: 8/21/94

Camera Operator: AR

WHITE
No. 34.

Price 1d.

SHARP'S

NEW

LONDON SONGSTER ;

BEING A

COLLECTION OF THE NEWEST AND MOST
FAVORITE SONGS OF THE DAY.

Contents.

A Chapter of Toasts and Song
of Sentiments.
Barnaby Finegan.
Beautiful Biddy of Sligo.
Cheer, Boys, cheer (New ver-
sion, by Ramsay).
Come, Brothers, Arouse.
Hamlet. (New version, by L.
M. Thornton).
I am a Jolly old Cobbler, or the
Snob's confession.
If she be made.
Kind Relations.
Love's the Devil, O!
Ladies Club, the
Life on the Ocean wave.
Lament for Wellington.
Mouse Trap.

Number One.
New Year, the
Old Mousquetaire.
Postman's Knock. By L. M.
Thornton.
Paredy on the Wolf.
Pretty Girls of Paddy's Land.
Perfumes of London.
Rockaway.
Standard of England and the
Banner of France.
Widow Fag's Poker.
Whiskey in a Jar.
Way to get on in the World. —
Dialogue Song, by T. A.
Hardwick.
You Know my Way, by John
Labern.

LONDON:

JAMES PATTIE, 4, QUEEN'S HEAD PASSAGE,

PATERNOSTER ROW;

AND

M. A. PATTIE, SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET.

THE PERFUMES OF LONDON.

Tune—A Man ~~that is~~ Married.

What a folly it is from dear London to stray,

And call country rambles a treat ;
Don't tell me of fragrance and sweet scented hay,For in London we've scents in each street.
Yes, we've scents that agree with each cockney's nose,That afford him the truest delight ;
Newgate Market, for instance, now only suppose,

On a fine sultry, hot summer's night.

Oh, rare, delightful air.

Talk of breathing perfumes, clap your nose o'er a sink,

Oh, London, dear London's the place for a stink.

Don't tell me of roses, or sweet scented brier,

Or May blossoms sickly and pale ;
For to pass a night cart is just what I desire,
When the men have just emptied their pail,

Ye ruralists, boast of your sweet fragrant vales,

As you wander through groves and 'mongst trees ;

But I pity you all, for you ne'er did inhale,
The fumes from a cellar of cheese.

Oh, rare, salubrious air.

Of Afric's spice gales you may boast if you please,

But it can't be compar'd to a cart of soap lees.

Some throw up their windows each morning for air,

And vow it's their only delight ;

I prefer a close room in the morn, I declare,
Where a score smok'd tobacco at night.~~Some~~ boast of clean linen, a towel give me,
That's been wetted and dried o'er and o'er ;

Or a gas pipe that's burst, lord, what pleasure I see,

And a factory of glue I adore.

Oh, rare, odoriferous air.

I do love a walk, and I don't care how far,
Where the sun shines on pailings besmeared with gas tar.Some folks at a sewer are very absurd,
And turn up their nose before rain ;

About knackers or gas works I'll say not a word,

Nor of Billingsgate odour complain,
Tallow-melters, or water where cabbage has boiled,Or the fumes of a lamp just blown out,
Or a body on which Dr. Brookes has recoiled,

Lord, agrees very well with my snout.

Oh, rare, reviving air.

'Tis a true cockney's boast, whate'er you may think,—

Oh, London, dear London's the place for a stink.

CHAPTER OF TOASTS AND SONG OF SENTIMENTS.

Most folks give their sentiment after their song,

But I cannot say this is my tether !

No part heart and harmony sure must be wrong,

Song and sentiment I join together ;

So at once in a song I'll my sentiment give,
Sure you'll all approve what I am giving,

Here's the Queen, heaven bless her, and long may she live, (live in.

With old England, the land that we

Then here's Lovely Woman, each man will drink that,

For in each care and ill she'll relieve him ;
Sweet home, for tho' homely, tis home for all that,

With a friend and a bottle to give him :

Here's May honour and honesty never decline,

Tis the wish of my heart, I assure ye ;

May Justice and Mercy forever entwined,
With our glorious Trial by Jury.

Here's The heart that can feel for another's distress,

And the man that was never ungrateful ;

Here's May we the smiles of good humour possess,

With friends around cheerful and faithful.

Here's Our old Wooden Walls that still lay our foes flat,

With those treasures, wives, children and friends ; [drank that.

Here's our own noble selves, and now having
Here my song of good sentiment ends.

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THE MOUSE TRAP

AIR—DROPS OF BRANDY.

The clock had struck two in the morn,
When a mouse crept out of his hole O,
All danger he proudly did scorn,
Being bent upon having a stroll, O;
He jumped on each table and chair,
And search'd well the corners all round, O
But alas every crevice was bare,
There was nothing to eat to be found, O.

Tol de rol—here's a moral behind,
Barring all blarnification, O,
Which if you look sharp you may find,
Young men beware of temptation, O.

He peep'd under the crack of the door,
And it made all on end stand his hair, O,
For he saw the tom cat—heard him snore,
And he was not inclined to stop there, O.
Then into the cupboard he jumps,
And found summut there that did please, O
For by luck in his hurry he plumps,
On a trap with some nice toasted
cheese, O.

Says the cheese, come in, here am I,
Just ready to stick in your gums, O;
So prithee come taste me and try,
If I don't eat much better than crumbs, O.
I was cut off on purpose for you,
And toasted by Molly the maid, O,
I swear by my honour 'tis true:
(Says the mouse)
I'd come in if I wasn't afraid, O.

He walked round and round till he tired,
He smelt it again and again, O,
The flavour he vastly admired,
But outside 'twas all labour in vain, O.
Says the cheese, Surely you might as well,
Come and eat me, as there your time
waste, O,
So don't be content with a smell,
But come in like a man bold, and taste, O

In a hurry he enters to seize,
Such a place he was ne'er in before, O,
But no sooner his nose touched the cheese,
Than down with a noise fell the door, O.
He turned himself round in despair,
Examined the door—'twas too stout, O,
And then through the wires he did stare,
And he cried, but he couldn't get out, O.

In the morning the maid was up first.
To dust all the rooms in the house, O,

And she cried out, [Here cook, I'll be burst
If the trap hasn't caught a large mouse O.
They called the tom cat to the trap,
Who mowrowed as he smelt the door, O,
Opened his mouth and swallowed him slap,
All the while most profanely he swore, O

MORAL.

Now young men who roam out of a night,
If you meet with temptation's sweet
bait, O,
Remember the mouse's sad plight,
His doleful lamentable fate, O.
Though the trap with its bait does allure,
To run away think it no sin, O,
Or if you must taste, make cock sure
To get out as well as you get in, O!

KIND RELATIONS.

We all have our share of the ups and the
downs,
Whatever our rank and station,
And he's sure to get the most scoffs and
frowns
Who depends on his kind relations!
For it's all very well once or twice to
drop in,
To ask for a trifling favour;
But on a third time they are sure to begin
To construe it to bad behaviour.

There's your relations, kind relations,
There's your kind relations!

I speak from experience, and you'll find,
Though often they invite you,
When poverty comes close behind,
How quickly they will slight you.
For it's—Clear the way—there's a knock at
the door,
Say we're gone out for a ride, John,
I know who it is, it's the hungry bore,
Don't open the door too wide, John!
There's your, &c.

My goods were one day seized for rent,
The broker took his station;
Pale and trembling off I went,
To try each kind relation!
Some hemm'd, some ha'd, and some looked
cool,
With faces of grief and sorrow;
My twin brother said, he had made it a rule

I thought in my sister to find a friend,
 But soon she undeceived me
 By saying,---these are not times to lend,
 I would if I could, relieve thee!
 A trifle, dear sister would keep me afloat,
 I shall sink if you do not arrange it.
 She said, she'd not less than a twenty pound
 note,
 And she couldn't find time to change it.

I lost my goods, but found that day,
 (Though 'gainst me they had sinned all)
 Death summoned a rich old friend away,
 Who left me a tidy windfall.
 And then how they altered from what they
 had just said,
 Their cant it was really provoking,
 To hear them exclaim, as each hung down
 his head,
 Lord, Tom, we were only joking!

Now who in the world so blest as me,
 With so many kind relations?
 I am asked to dinner, to supper to tea,
 I've a hundred invitations!
 But their crawling presents I daily return,
 Their kindness to me they may scant it,
 For I hate those cold hearts that would
 poverty spurn,
 And give only to those who don't want it,
 There's your relations, what relations,
 What very kind relations!

NUMBER ONE.

Written by T. Hood, Esq.

AIR—There's nae luck.

It's very hard, and so it is,
 To live in such a row,
 And witness this, that every miss,
 But me has got a beau.
 For love goes calling up and down,
 But here he seems to shun,
 I'm sure he has been asked enough
 To call at number one.

It's very hard, &c.

I'm sick of all the double knocks,
 That come to number four,
 At number three, I often see
 A lover at the door;
 And one blue, at number two,
 Calls daily like a dun,
 It's very hard they come so near,
 And not to number one.

Miss Bell, I hear, has got a dear,
 Exactly to her mind,
 By sitting at the window pane
 Without a bit of blind;
 But I go in the balcony,
 Which she has never done,
 Yet arts that thrive at number five,
 Don't take at number one.

'Tis hard, that plenty in the street,
 And plenty passing by,
 There's nice young men at number ten,
 But only rather shy;
 And Mrs. Smith, across the way
 Has got a grown up son,
 But la! he hardly seems to know
 There is a number one.

There's Mr. Wicks, at number nine,
 But he's intent on pelf,
 And though he's pious, will not love
 His neighbours as himself;
 At number seven there was a sale,
 The goods had quite a run,
 And here I've got my single lot
 On hand at number one.

My mother oftens sits at work,
 And talks of props and stays,
 And what a comfort I shall be,
 In her declining days;
 The very maids about the house
 Have set me down a nun,
 The sweethearts all belong to them
 That call at number one.

Once only, when the flue took fire,
 On Friday afternoon,
 Young Mr. Long came kindly in,
 And told me not to swoon.
 Why can't he come again, without
 The Phoenix and the Sun,
 We cannot always have a flue
 On fire at number one.

I am not old I am not plain,
 Nor awkward in my gait,
 I am not crooked, like the bride
 That went from number eight.
 I'm sure white satin made her look
 As brown as any bun,
 But even beauty has no chance,
 I think, at number one.

At number six they say Miss Rose
 Has slain a score of hearts,
 And Cupid, for her sake, has been
 Quite prodigal of darts;

The imp they show with bended bow,
I wish he had a gun.
But if he had, he'd never deign
To shoot with number one.

It's very hard, and so it is,
To live in such a row,
And here, s a ballad singer come,
To aggravate my woe;
Oh, take away your foolish song,
And tones enough to stun—
There is 'nae luck about the house',
I know at number one.

BARNABY FINEGAN.

I'm a decent gay labouring youth,
I was reared in the town of Dunshauglin,
I'm a widower now in Maynooth,
Since I buried sweet Molly M'Loughlin;
I married but once in my life,
But I'll never commit such a sin again—
I discovered, when she was my wife,
She was fond of one Barnaby Finegan.

His father had cabins of mud,
That I often went to admire,
They were built at the time of the flood
To keep all his ancestors drier.
When he found I had Molly bespoke,
He was getting quite fat, but got thin
again,
In the struggle his gizzard he broke,
And we'd a stiff of poor Barnaby Finegan.

His corpse for convenience was put
Among all his friends, in the barn, sir;
Some travelled there upon foot,
While others came mounted on garroons,
sir;
My wife for his loss cried and sobbed,
Though I put her out twice she got in
again,
But I gave her a boult in the gob,
For which I was attacked by the
Finegans:

The bed and the corpse was upset,
The fighting commenced in a minute, sure
But the devil a stick could they get,
Till they broke all the legs of the furni-
ture.
In showers the blood flew about,
Eyes were knocked out and shoved in
again,
But I got a sowestering clout,
That solit me a top of poor Finegan.

How long I was dead I don't know—
I couldn't believe I was living, sirs;
I roused with the pain of my toes,
For they had them both tied with a rib-
bon, sirs.
I opened my mouth for to speak,
But the sheets were put up to my chin
again,
Molly roared out you know you're awake,
You'll be buried with Barnaby Finegan.

You lump of deception, I cried—
And I thought to bounce up to knock
her about,
But of course, as my two toes were tied,
I was fast as a spoon in thick stirabout;
I soon got the use of my toes,
By a friend of the corpse, Larry Gilligan
He helped me to leap into clothes,
To go spread a grass quilt o'er Finegan.

My she-devil came on the spree,
Full of whiskey and grief from the berrin'
She showed as much mercy to me,
As a hungry man shows to a herring;
But one belly-go-fister I gave her,
Which caused her to cry and to grin
again,
In three months more I opened the grave,
And threw her a top of poor Finegan.

And now that I'm single again,
I spend my time raking and battering,
I go to the fair with the men,
And I dance with the maids at the pat-
thern,
When they think I am struck to a T,
They get shy, drop the talk, and begin
again,
But they sha'n't come the huckle at me,
For they might be acquainted with Fine-
gan.

PARODY ON THE WOLF.

At the peaceful midnight hour,
When by love and hunger's power,
I am kept from downy sleep,
Nightly I to Molly creep;
Whilst the cats upon the tiles,
Mew their loves for many miles—
O'er the gutters lightly hopping,
Through the garret window dropping;
Silence or my master wakes,
Lay the cloth and broil the steaks,
Beef steaks and inguns crown our blisses
Bread and cheese, and balmy kisses.

BEAUTIFUL BIDDY OF SLIGO.

My father and mother were gentlefolks
true,
But all their affairs did awry go.
Because they could not make the whiskey
shop do,
In the beautiful city of Sligo.
The trade went on so badly,
They both fretted sadly.
My father look'd down, and let many a
sigh go.
For beauty my mother,
There warn't such another,
In the whole county of Sligo.

Spoken—Och, to be sure we was a fine family.
There was me and my sister Teddy—and Phelim
and my brother Judy, and my uncle Thady, and
the ould cow—and the young sow, and thirteen
pigs, and Cowley the dog and the Tom cat and her
three kittens, all round the table together, wait-
ing to be served with pratees and buttermilk.

'Silence! (says my father), who says grace?'
'Bow-wow,' says the cat. 'Mew,' says the dog.
Grunt, says the cow. 'Faith, (says my father):
though you are all my children, and gentlefolks
born, devil a bit of manners is there amongst ye.'
'Oh, Mother (says Phelim) there's a little pig run
away wid my pratees.' 'Never mind, my jewel,
he'll burn his mouth, and then he must drop it.—
Week-ek!—There, I told you so. Sarved you
right—you should keep your hands from picking
and stealing, and like your mother be content with
the peelings.'

Thus day after day,
Our time passed away,
While our affairs did awry go,
Though by poverty bent,
We all were content,
In the beautiful city of Sligo.

When I grew bigger, in good luck I
crept,
To learn all my letters did I go,
Oh, Father O'Fogarty, faith, 'twas he
kept,
The very best college in Sligo.
But all sorts of learning,
So quickly discerning,
The rest of the scholars I gave 'em the
by go,
For reading or writing,
Or jumping, or fighting,
I was the best scholar in Sligo.

Spoken—Och, to be sure I was—Father O'Fog-
arty said so to himself—Paddy, says he to me,
Paddy, my boy you are a clane young man, and

shall make you my tacher—and so he did, faith,
and I taught Dermot Donohoo and Peter Gallager
and Mike O'Bryan and Judy Ryan, and the beau-
tiful Biddy Malony. Och, Biddy was the best for
larning among them, and I larned her, and she
larned me, and faith we wanted no larning at all
at all. All of a sudden I got pale in the face, and
couldn't eat my pratees, and my mother axed
what was the matter. 'What's the matter, Paddy,
says she. Faith, says I, I don't know. All I
know is, that I want something more than pra-
teees. How do you feel—says my father. Och,
feel, says I, I'm all feeling from the sole of my
head to the crown of my foot. I feel all over as if
I belonged to somebody else. When I go to sleep
I lay wide awake, and all day long I walk about
just like a drame. And what do ye drame of?—
says my father. Biddy Malony, says I. Fire and
turf!—says my father, the boy's in love! And,
faith, so I was—up to the armpits.

Thus day after day, &c.

So my father he took me directly from
School,
And bade me to clean the pig-stye go.
He said such warm work would make
my love cool,
And bring no disgrace upon Sligo.
My pride was quite hurted,
To be so diverted,
To clean out the pigs then dence a bit
would I go,
And so with my parents,
I got quite at varents,
And resolved to bid good bye to Sligo.

Spoken—My father gave me a bating for a
blessing. My mother gave me a handful of ten-
pennies. Good bye, Pat—says she—behave your-
self like a gentleman, and you shall never want a
father while your mother is alive. Good bye,
mother—says I. So I went out and took a duti-
ful lave of the cow, and my brothers and sisters—
and the dog, and the pig-stye, and all other ani-
mals. Good bye, sow—says I. 'Heaugh,' says
she. Good bye, little pigs. 'Week-ek!' says
they. Good bye, cowey. 'Be-oo-oo!' said he.
And then I thought I'd see Biddy first before I did
go. Och, Pat, said she, are you there, and where
are you going wid your bundle? Faith, says I—I
don't know. I'll go wid ye, says she. Will ye,
says I. Aye, says she, if 'tis to the other end of
the world. Faith, Biddy, says I, that's just the
place I'm going to. But if do go, Pat, will you
marry me? Faith, says I, that's what I will—

So she packed up all her trifles,
And off then we went,
She gave her relations the bye go,
We married, and though
We are poor, we're content,
Far away from the county of Sligo.

HAMLET—COMIC SCENA.

The words and arrangement by L. M. Thoratou,
Author of the Postman's Knock.

SPOKEN QUICK—Now if you are all attentions, I am just about to mention a doleful tragedy, which happened as you see, or as you'd rather mark, in the Kingdom of Denmark, concerning Mr. Hamlet the Dane.

Air, Yankee Doodle.

'Twas in the Kingdom of Denmark,
A King and Queen were one, sir,
And by a former husband she
Had had an only son, sir.
But he was very sore against
An union like to that Sir;
And didn't fall when able quite,
To speak his mind quite pat, Sir.

SPOKEN—But as it doesn't always happen as how we can do things all of a minute, vy Hamlet took his opportunity you see. In the meantime—

Air—"Shells of the Ocean,"

One icy eye with lonely thought,
He chanced to meet two chums he knew,
Who said, "Your venerable dad
Appear'd as he ves went to do!"

SPOKEN—This rather astonished the young un, and after some conversation, such as, "Vy you don't mean that? but I do though! vere did you twig him?" and such like:

Air, Bay of Biscay, first strain.

'Twas after such describing,
Young Hamlet thought he'd vatch,
Perchance the grisly phantom,
He might have luck to catch.

No doubt a dram he took,
(Tis not named in the book,
As he went,

With intent,
All to watch a spirit, O.

SPOKEN—He did vatch, and he saw the old gentleman who seranaded him after this fashion:

Air: Meet me by Moonlight.

Meet me by moonlight alone,
And then I'll a tale to you tell;
Must be told you at midnight alone,
Before I bolt slap into—oh, crikey!

SPOKEN—Vell, of course, as he'd a respect for the old un, he did meet him, and

when they got a pretty considerable distance out of ear-shot, the ghost addressed him as follows:

Air: I Dreamt I Dwelt.

I dreamt not I dwelt in marble halls,
But a-snororing I was beyond doubt,
When into my ears I felt something go,
Which quick blow'd my lamp of life out.

Air: Light of Other Days.

But see the light of day is breaking,
And all night's shadows past;
And I to my warm crib must mizzle,
A precious time to last.

Air: Good bye, Sweetheart.

Good bye, young chick, good bye,
Good bye, young chick, good bye;
I only waited while the cock
A doodle crow'd, Good by.

SPOKEN—We are here told that Hamlet's once nobby head of hair would have puzzled the barber to have rendered nobby, it resembling quills upon the fretful porcupine.

Air: Jeanette and Jeanette.

You are going far away, far away, my poor old chap,
But I'll avenge your cause, I vill, before I take a nap;
I will use my best endeavours that the Queen and that the King
Shall rue the day they kick'd you out, themselves straight to kick in;
Shall rue the day they kick'd you out, themselves straight to kick in.

SPOKEN—Of course we now find young Hamlet ready to vell vellop the party vhat poisoned his father, but as there's catching before hanging, vy the velloping vos delayed. Howsomever, we find that he kept a sharp look out, although to all appearance he didn't appear quite sharp, that is, non compos mentis, mad, silly, spoonsey. We find him addressing his old pals after this manner:

Air: Low-back'd Car.

If you should chance to meet me,
Upon a market day,
And I straight aim to split your head,
You must not say me, Nay.
Or change your nose of Grecian form,
To that we pug do call,
Or give one eye a holiday,
You must not mind at all.

I may ride in a low-back'd car,
I may kick you I know how far,
Like Peggy, be picking,
A tender young chicken,
In fact be quite gone (ah, ah.)

SPOKEN. Sad affair, wasn't it? I cannot count the number of pocket handkerchiefs my vasherwoman brought home last week.

Air: Villikins.

An old man liv'd with him, Polony by name;
Polony or Long'ons, it's all just the same;
To vatch the proceedings, to a cupboard he hook'd,
And in a very few minutes the Polony was cook'd.

SPOKEN. Yes, Hamlet cook'd Polony's goose and no mistake. A rat! a rat! dead for a ducat. That's two pence halfpeeny three farthings, raesin coin. After this poor Hamlet vos sent away as incurable; only as how you see there vos nothing the matter with him. The poor wench was laid down among the dead men, and then vot do you think the willinuous old uncle wanted to do? in fact, tried to do? Why, murder the poor prince. So they got up a sort of fencing match; a kind of knock you down, and never get you up again, you know.

Air: Will you come to the bower?
Will you come to the battle, the foils wait for you?

The tips are well seasoned to do their work true.

Wont you, wont you, wont you, wont you, come to the fight?

Wont you, wont you, wont you, wont you, come to the fight?

SPOKEN. So to the fight they went. Pass, pass, pass, pass,---thrust: Hamlet fell, poor fellow, but he vos soon up again, and didn't he pitch it into his old uncle? didn't he fetch the wind out of him? The Queen died, Hamlet died, Laertes died, and if I don't make haste and close my ditty, I shall die of fatigue. But before I give the final squeak—

Air: Here's a Health to all Good Lasses.

Here's a health to all before me,
May such troubles ne'er come o'er ye;
Mind, once killed, none can restore ye,
Deuce a bit then fight, I say,
Deuce a bit then fight, I say.
If you're pressed with sword or pistol,
Tell them you are off to Bristol;

Leave your card, but yourself mizzle,
Where's the fun ourselves to: ay?
Where's the fun ourselves to slay?

LOVE'S THE DEVIL, O:

Air—"Green Grows the Rushes, O!"

Oh, what a curious thing is love,
To pass the time and please us, O,
Extol'd all other joys above,
And yet how it will tease us, O.
It makes us happy, wretched, blest.
And all in one short minute, O,
It really gyles to life a zest,
Though there's nothing lasting in it O.
A lover's life is never gay,
Love's his greatest evil, O.
In spite of all the poets say,
Love—love's the devil, O.

The gay Lord Bounce a young wife took
Soon after he had seen her, too,
So pleasing she in every look,
So modest in demeanour, too;
But scarce two months pass'd o'er his head,

When he alarmed his jewel, O,
He found her with a friend in bed,
With whom he fought a deul, O,
He lost an arm, he lost his wife,
By that same friend so civil, O,
And lucky not to lose his life;
Love! love's the devil, O!

One Johnny Spriggs, a cobbler gay,
Courtied Kitty Connor, O;
And she at church vow'd to obey,
And ever love and honour, O.
Now John was ugly, course and fat,
And Kate was slim and slender, O;
She fell in love with an Irish Pat,
Who swore he would defend her, O.
She took John's ALL and ran away,
With Paddy kind and civil, O,
And John had all her debts to pay;
Love! love's the devil, O.

A bachelor, who for a wife
Sixty years had tarried, O,
Now thought it would prolong his life,
If he could but get married, O.
His cook he thought a buxom wench,
And so began to woo her, O,
His love so strong he couldn't quench,
So offered himself to her, O!
But wedlock soon began to waste him,
While she abroad would revel, O,

And if he grumbled, she would baste him
Love! love's the devil, O.

Thus rich and poor, and old and young,
From the Prince down to the peasant O,
Are led away by beauty's tongue,
Which sounds so sweet and pleasant, O.
But love can very often burn,
A heart that cold as ice is, O,
And then again can wedlock turn,
And make us hate what nice is, O.
A lover's life is never gay,
Though he a time may revel, O;
In spite of all the poets say,
Love! love's the devil. O.

THE POSTMAN'S KNOCK.

Words by L. M. Thornton—Published by
Cocks and Co.

What a wonderful man the Postman is,
As he hastens from door to door,
What a medley of news his hands contain,
For high low, rich, and poor.
In many a face he joy doth trace,
In as many he grief can see,
As the door is open'd to his loud ran tan,
And his quick delivery.
Every morn, as true as the clock,
Somebody hears the Postman's Knock!

No. 1, he presents with the news of a birth,
With tidings of death No. 4;
At 13 a bill of terrible length,
He drops through a hole in the door.
A cheque or a order at 15, he leaves,
At 16 his presence doth prove;
While 17 does an acknowledgement get,
And 18 a letter of love.
Every morn, as true as the clock,
Somebody hears the Postman's Knock.

May his visits be frequent to those who expect
A line from the friends they hold dear;
But rarely we hope that compell'd he will be
Disastrous tidings to bear.
Far, far be the day when the envelope shows
The dark border shading it o'er;
Then long life to Her Majesty's servant we say—
And oft may he knock at our door.
Every morn, as true as the clock,
Somebody hears the Postman's Knock.

THE POKER.

Swate widow Fag one winter's night,
Invited a tea party
Of elegant genteelity,
And made the boys quite hearty;
But just as they were breaking up,
She miss'd her kitchen poker,
And delicately hinted, that
The thief was Paddy Choaker.
He'd stolen her little poker,
Her purty kitchen poker;
She delicately hinted that
He'd stolen her little poker.

Now Pat he was a grenadier
In what is call'd the grey light horse,
and a claner, stouter, tighter boy,
Upon my soul, there never was.
He cried out, blood and thunder;
Do you take me for a joker?
Do you think I'd come into your house,
And stale your dirty poker,
Your nasty kitchen poker?
Do you think I'd come into your house
And stale your dirty poker?

Then Pat swore by the Hill o' Howth,
And by the holy fathers, too,
By all the ghosts in yon churchyard,
If they were gathered in a crew.
Says he unto the widow,
Do you take me for a joker;
Do you think I'd come to your fireside
And stale your dirty poker,
Your nasty clatty poker?
Do you think an Irish jintleman
Would stale a dirty poker?

But all that he could say or do
Had no effect upon her;
At length, says she, 'Now Pat, will you
Declare upon your honour?'
Arrah! Paddy stared and started back,
His head behind his choaker,
'Touch my honour, touch my life,
There's your dirty poker;
Your nasty filthy poker!
Touch my honour, touch my life,
Take your dirty poker.

IF SHE BE MADE.

If she be made of white and Red,
Her faults will ne'er be known;
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale white shown.

NEW AND FAVORITE SONGS.

The Way to get on in the World.

An original Song, Written by J. A. Hardwick.

Air—Things I don't like to see.

To men upon town who exist on their wits
All needy adventurers, and whom the cap
fits,

I'll show them a plan like a Prince to appear
And how to live slap-up on nothing a year.
Don't go to imagine I mean by hard work,
Not exactly, I like that as much as a Turk;
What I mean is by "working the oracle
well,"

And tho' rot worth a copper to look like a
swell.

CHORUS.

You who have nothing to loose, and are
out of your teens,
And wish to look large upon limited means,
I'll tell you the way, for I've through it
been hurried.

How to live on the cheap and get on in the
world.

Now you know very well there are men
who have made

A fortune by joining the demagogue trade,
So get up a meeting, the people beguile,
And rattle away it a Caffian style.

If you ask how it's done without sense or
pretence,

My friend it's quite easy, pooh, pooh about
sense;

To my few simple rules if you manage to
keep,

You may live like a fighting cock all on the
cheap.

First read yourself up till you're able to
rhyme

In Lloyd's Belles Lettres, and Annals of
Crime,

Then flourish away a fanatical "mob!"

With patter enough to bewilder a mob.

Stamp, foam at the mouth, bawl, and tear
out your hair,

And swear you're a Patriot, virtuous and
rare;

The odds are, some society going to a wreck,
Will think you're a Selon, and make you
Hon. Sec.

When you once get a footing you've nothing
to do,

But blow up the Whigs, and Lord John
till all's blue,

Keep up the excitement by meetings and pen
And don't fail to say you're the saviour of
men, [brick,

Then close to your principles stick like a
That is if you know what they are, that's
the trick,

But in the mistake of some others don't fall,
Talk as much as you like, but mind, don't
work at all.

Spoken.—Vork?—why it's derogatory to hewman
natur; the brand o' the slave!—the badge of a
debased and oppressed bondsman!—Vork!—vot
Vork!—No, never!—Labour be blowed!—Let's
habbolish everythink, dewide the Bank Cellars and
put Buckingham Palace up in a raffle.

Now this is the style.—you must hollo and
bawl

"No taxes, no vork, no nuffing at all,"
Go in like a Trojan at Tories and Whigs,
Give the suffrage to maniacs, paupers, and
prigs,

Vote for smashing the Commons and burn-
ing the Throne.

And scout all opinions, excepting your own.
If the people are ignorant, keep them so
still,

And be anything, anywhere (,) pocket to fill

Put your hand on your bosom and say, how
it grieves

For the "Masses," and swear that the
rich are all thieves,

Advise them to plunder, and bellow "more
blood,"

And preach that the Socialist plan's very
good.

Say there is'nt no ladies, they're all on'em
vimin,

That property ought to be all held in
kimmin.

Set men against master, induce them to
strike,

And offer to lay down your life—if you like.

Spoken.—Say anything, you know, it don't matter
only vanish when you see the police, or it won't be
good for your health.

Should your present appearance be shabby
and lean,

Contrive to get treasurer,—you know what
I mean,— [big

In two or three months you'll begin to look
Keep a lady, get fat, and perhaps drive a
gig.

Keep it up while there's anything made at
the game,

Till you've got a well known red republican name,

Write rabid harangues in the "Weekly Spittoon,"

And no doubt you'll be noticed by government soon.

Spoken.—More than probable you will; in this game the chances are a piece of plate or transportation, a slight difference.

But this can't last for ever my democrat friend,

Some fine morning your club will be put to an end,

But it won't matter much if you've feathered your nest.

And get off yourself, what becomes of the rest.

Then if you don't turn up your toes till you're old,

Two to one you'll grow moral while rolling in gold;

I've shown you how with credit the world go through it,

But there's one thing I must say,—mind, don't over do it.

You who've nothing to lose, &c.

Cheer, Boys, Cheer,

New Version. Written by Thomas Ramsay.

Cheer, boys, cheer, for our jolly tars and heroes,

Cheer, boys, cheer, and banish grim despair,

Our friends make to honour, and tyrants make to fear us,

Danger and glory be ready boys to share.

We can but die once, its but a puff of breath, boys,

Life it must end according to all laws,

Then why should we cringe at sight or thoughts of death, boys,

Thrice is he arm'd who fights for righteous cause.

Cheer, boys, cheer, theres glory's path before us,

Cheer, boys, cheer, let's smite the tyrant low;

Cheer, boys, cheer, while the pretty girls adore us,

Where honour calls, boys, there cherrily let us go,

It is for our freedom and honour we are fighting, [flow,

No selfish blood in freemans veins can Danger and glory, a hero take delight in;

To the East, to the East to meet a Russian foe.

Cheer, boys, cheer, for the field of death or glory,

Cheer, boys, cheer for the home we leave behind.

If nobly to fall our names will live in story,

For the child of the brave a protector will find.

Then on bravely on bright fame, and glory call us,

To crush the tyrants laws, we conquer or we die;

In zeal for the cause how care we what befall us,

Before our dread shout, these Russian serfs shall fly.

The New Year.

Written by T. Ramsay.

Air.—A good time.

The new year's come in, the new year's come in,

Old fifty-four has cock'd his toes,

And fifty-five has shown his nose.

Now the new year's come in,

Fifty four in troubles rife,

Which still kept getting stronger,

Has will'd to fifty-five his strife,

For he could not bear it longer.

Now the new year's come in let's hope twill prove much stronger.

The new year's come in, the new year's come in.

If we may judge by what we're told,

He'll be as strong as the old.

Now the new year's come in,

Let's hope experience has us taught,

To lay our plans much stronger,

And not in Russian traps be caught,

We'll stand his trick no longer.

The new year's come in, the new year's come in,

Let's hope he will impress the Queen,

To look sharp after Aberdeen.

Now the new year's come in,

And take good council to herself,

That is more prompt and stronger,

Leaving weak caution on the shelf,

And use bad tools no longer.

NEW AND FAVORITE SONGS.

**Now the new year's come in, now the new
year's come in,
By which of these ignoble dupes,
We have enlisted foreign troops,
Now the new year's come in.
But soon they'll have to bear the blame;
Of minds and spirits stronger,
For bringing England's aims to shame,
We'll bear this stain no longer.**

**Now the new year's come in, now the new
year's come in,
Let us not forget to prize
The valour of our French allies,
Now the new year's come in.
On Alma's height how hand to hand,
What courage could be stronger,
And at Inkerman we made a stand,
Till the foe could stand no longer.**

**The new year's come in, the new year's
come in,
Let us also give due praise,
To the patriotic fund we raise,
Now the new year's come in.
And from it let no Briton flinch,
What galls a tyrant stronger
To see us ready at a pinch,
To bear deceit no longer.**

**The new year's come in, the new year's
come in,
To Raglan, Cambridge, Evans, Brown,
And other heroes now shot down,
Now the new year's come in.
To widows and to orphans left,
What plea of heart is stronger,
Give help in need to those bereft,
Of whom can help no longer.**

The Snob's Confession.

Tune—I'll awa to the bridal.

**Now I am a jolly old cobbler—
But that you may see by my face—
And my wife is a noisy old squabbler,
Because I've been stripping the place,
I've been on the fuddle a week, now,
And I means yet to have a week more—
So if she should give me much cheek, now,
Why sprawling she'll go on the floor!
Hurrah for the pot and the bottle!
Hurrah for a drain on the sly!
I means now to well wet my throttle,
And live like a cock till I die!**

**I've been selling the clock and the table,
I've sold the old tub and the pail—
And this werry night, if I'm able,
I'll walk off the bed without fail.
I've pawned all the boots I was making,
And I feels werry sorry for that—
For a little drop now I am shaking!
Who'll give me a groat for my hat?**

**I've left all my tools for a shilling,
For bacca and beer, I must say
From my landlord I'm safe for a drilling,
'Cos I spent all the rent t'other day.
The broom, too, I sold for a tanner,
And the tin that I kept for the cat,
And this morn, in an out and out manner,
I hook'd it bang off with the mat.**

**My wife she is always a crying—
There's no good at all, then, in that—
But you'll never cotch me a sighing,
And that's how it is I'm so fat,
For a drop of beer how I am dancing,
So who's going to stand the next treat?
Just mark, now, what I am advancing—
Who'll buy these new boots off my feet?**

**I've sold the tea pot and the poker,
And the night cap that goes on my head
Likewise I sold for some ochre,
The thing that goes under the bed.
Who'll give me the chance for a tanner?
Don't be in a hurry to speak—
For security take my Bandanna—
And the tizzy I'll give back next week.**

**Like a fish, now, I give way to drinking,
For a small drop I'm sure I shall die—
I'm too funny by half, I am thinking,
You'll own that my humour is dry.
I'll go home, and fetch out the bellows;
And then all the room will be thin'd,
So I don't mind what old women tell us,
For there's nothing like raising the wind.**

Rockaway.

**On old Long Island's sea-girt shore,
Many an hour I've wil'd away,
In listening to the breakers' roar,
That wash'd the beach at Rockaway.
Transfix'd I've stood while nature's lyre
In one harmonious concert broke,
And catching its Promethean fire,
My inmost soul to rapture woke.
Oh! on old Long Island s, &c**

Oh! how delightful 'tis to stroll
Where murm'ring winds and waters meet
Marking the billows as they roll,
And break resistless at your feet;
To watch young Iris as she dips
Her mantle in the sparkling dew,
And, chas'd by Sol, away she trips
O'er the horizons quivering blue.
Oh! on old Long Island's, &c.

To hear the startling night winds sigh,
As dreamy twilight lulls to sleep;
While the pale moon reflects from high
Her image in the mighty deep.
Majestic scene, where nature dwells,
Profound in everlasting love,
While her unmeasured music swells
The vaulted firmament above.
Oh! on old Long Island's &c.

You know my Way.

Tune—Major Longbow.

I'm a regular downy card,
As you'll find here and there,
For times are precious hard,
And folks can't live on air.
No matter where I roam,
Go where'er I may,
I make myself at home—
In fact—you know my way.

Tol lol, &c.

I breakfast at a stall,
For I don't like any fuss—
And, when I've bolted all,
I find I've lost my purse.
They swear they'll lock me up,
But I swear I'll call and pay,
And I'm safe to keep my word—
In short—you know my way.

At dinner time I go,
And have a glorious fare,
At an eating house, or so,
Off joints both rich and rare.
While the waiter, Dick,
Is carrying round the tray,
I contrive to cut my stick
Clean off—you know my way

At night I go to see
A cook in Russell Square,
While she makes love to me,
I make love to her fowl and rare.

I'm obliged to tell the cook
I'll make her mine one day—
Yes, and so I will—with a hook,
Of course—you know my way.

Sometimes I meet a swell,
As through the streets I jog,
Pretend I know him well,
And ask him to some grog.
In sham notes I abound,
So I flourish them out and say,
I've o change—just lend me a pound,
My boy—you know my way,

I take in many a snip,
And gammon many a lass—
And my beak I often dip,
In another person's glass.
Sometimes I take a pew,
In church, and while they pray,
I change my hat for new,
And bolt—you know my way.

With a tidy suit of clothes,
And plenty, too, to say,
I manage, yot'll suppose,
Through life to bounce my way.
As you're all true friends of mine,
I've got a word to say—
What time do you mostly dine?
I shall call—you know my way.

The Ladies' Club.

Tune—I'm ninety-five.

A Ladies' Club! A Ladies' Club,
However angry husbands snub,
A Ladies' Club, a Ladies' Club,
Much wanted is to tame each hub,
The women all are up in arms,
For their society and charms
Are quite neglected now at home,
By spouses who abroad will roam.
Then since in clubs the men think fit
To spend their time—nor wives admit—
The ladies off their chains have thrown,
And have a club formed of their own.

These sad deceitful men, when they
First go a courting don't they say
They feel companionless—unknown—
Lost muttons, whom no one will own
On their good merits don't they dwell,
Until, perhaps, they get a belle?
The belle obtained—their way they wing
To church—the belle she gets a ring!

They swear they'll never leave them—but
The book they swear by scarce is shut
When off again these stray sheep roam,
And leave their belles behind at home.

Creation's Lord's you never thought,
Till you the bitter truth were taught,
What injured women often do
To be revenged of slights from you!
A club they'll form, and rules they'll pass,
You men exclude and all your class,
Except, indeed, a favoured few
Of lovers whom they left for you.
Thus men may find unto their cost,
Too late the game that they have lost—
That, like a lot of thoughtless cubs,
They lost by Hearts to gain by Clubs!

Each lady who in play delights,
Can have her Crookford's and her Whites'
Besides a four-in-hand they'll start,
In sporting matters take a part.
Neglected by her spouse, each wife
Will scorn that word obey for life—
Unto the turf her thoughts will cling,
And cease to patronize the ring;
Thus, men will find while they did place
Their mind too much upon the chase,
And after horns abroad did roam,
They might have found them best at home!

Ere long the ladies, mark the case,
In Parliament will take their place—
For, men, they talk as well as you,
Much longer and much louder, too,
Their privileges they will use,
A lovely Mrs. Speaker choose—
Besidds, they'll make, as you shall see,
The gallery a girl-ery!
Inspired by this success, they will
Probably bring in a bill,
To send the men folks to the wall,
And do without the men at all.

So, gentlemen, it is for you,
Ere the ladies this dire deed shall do,
To promise that no more you'll roam
But be good boys' and stay at home.
Make wives your equals—not your slaves—
That's all each married lady craves.
In all your joys they wish to share,
For they your troubles gladly bear;
Or if a club you still must start,
Your wives, of course, should take a part,
One I'll propose—if you'll agree—
The United Service let it be.

The Brave Mousquetaire.

'Neath a vine covered porch sat an Old
Mousquetaire,
Watching intently a fair child at play,
The toys round him scattered, tho' simple
they were,
Bore the Old Soldier's thoughts far away.
At the sound of the drum he was feeble no
more,
But flourished his crutch in the air—
If a Soldier you'd be, find a tutor in me;
Shoulder arms! cried the Old Mousquetaire.

Then the Old Mousquetaire spoke of war-
like array,
He built mimic ramparts and stormed
mimic towers;
Oh, the heart of a Soldier was formed that
day
In that garden of fresh wild flowers;
'Twas thus, he cried, that our Emperor
stood,
His sword flashing bright in the air;
His cry Vive la France brave! comrades
advance,
To the charge! on, my brave Mousquetaire.

My musket and sword I have hung up to
rest,
With my knapsack and belt, and my
batter'd canteen,
At Jena, at Wagram, the East and the
West,
With the Old Mousquetaire they have
been,
I could still stand a brush, tho' nearly four
score,
But prudence now whispers beware,
For the period draws nigh, when King
Death will cry,
Pile your arms! to the Old Mousquetaire.

The Standard of England and the Banner of France.

Hark! hark! how the lion is roaring.
List, list, it's the growl of the bear,
Above the proud eagle is soaring,
The crescent waves high in the air;
The steed with impatience is neighing,
The banner of war is unfurl'd,
The trumpet its hoarse blast is braying,
And threatens the peace of the world.

CHORUS.

Then up with the standard of England,
Let our watch word alone be advance.

NEW AND FAVORITE SONGS,

Then up with the standard of England,
And raise the brave banner of France.

It is fearful that life should be wasted,
It's dreadful that blood should be shed,
That the horrors of war should be tested,
That ravens and wolves should be fed.
Every mild art of peace has been borne,
Every mild art of peace has been tried,
Meditation has sped with false scorn,
Now water and knife must decide.

Then onward by sea and by land,
Since there's no other course to pursue,
Let old England and France, hand in hand,
Show the world now combin'd what they'll do.

Let the scabbardless sword be withdrawn,
Down, down with the tyrant they cry,
It's for honor and justice we fight,
Then forward to conquer or die.

Life on the Ocean Wave.

Music Post Paid 5d.

A life on the ocean wave!
A home on the rolling deep!
Where the scatter'd waters rave!
And the wind their revels keep!
Like an eagle cag'd I pine,
On this dull unchanging shore—
Oh, give me the flashing brine,
The spray and the tempest's roar.

A life on the ocean wave!
A home on the rolling deep!
Where the scattered waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep.

Once more on the deck I stand
Of my own swift-gliding craft,
Set sail!—and farewell to the land:
The gale follows fair abaft!
We shoot through the sparkling foam,
Like an ocean bird set free;
Like the ocean bird, our home
We'll find far out on the sea.

A life on the ocean wave! &c.

The land is no longer in view;
The clouds have begun to frown;
But with a stout vessel and crew,
We'll say let the storm come down,
And the song of our hearts shall be,
While the wind and the waters rave,
A life on the heaving sea!

A home on the bounding wave.

A life on the ocean wave! &c.

Come, Brothers Arouse.

Poetry by W. G. Bernard. Music in the Musical Bouquet, No. 373, Price 3d.

Come, brothers, arouse, let the owl go to rest;

Oh! the summer sun's in the sky;
The bee's on its wing, and the hawk's in his nest,

And the river runs merrily by. [she,
Our mother, the world,—a good mother is
Says to toil is to welcome her fare;
Some bounty she hangs us on every tree,
And blesses us in the sweet air.

Oh, come, brothers, arouse,—let the owl go to rest;

Oh! the summer sun's in the sky!
The bee's on its wing, and the hawk's in his nest,

And the river runs merrily by.
Come, dance, lads,—come, dance, lads, oh,
oh, oh,

Come, dance, lads,—come, dance, lads, away

And this is the life for a man, a man,

And this is the life for me:

The prince may boast, if he can, he can;
But he never was half so free. [she,
Our mother, the world,—a good mother is
Says to toil is to welcome her fare;
Some bounty she hangs us on every tree,
And blesses us in the sweet air.

Oh! come, brothers, arouse. &c.

Paddy's Land.

One evening all alone,

As I sat in my easy chair,

In a cottage of my own,

I was free from grief and care,

Up steps a damsel to me,

She kindly shook me by the hand,

She asked me for a verse or two,

In praise of sweet Paddy's land.

There's nothing that is venomous,

But all of a pure scent,

The air is pure and wholesome,

The girls they love merriment,

For beauty and behaviour,

There is none with them can stand,

The roses of all Europe,

The pretty girls of Paddy's land.

These people are free-hearted,

And of an open mind,

And always to the stranger.

They do behave most kind.

NEW AND FAVORITE SONGS.

They never will defraud you,
But always lend a helping hand,
And who can contradict me,
That ever was in Paddy's land?

There's one will contradict you,
That is of another race,
They would wish to know the reason,
So many of them leave the place;
With my small education
I soon will answer their demand,
Because they took the trade (land.
From that glorious place called Paddy's

Come, come, my hearty boys,
A Free Trade we've got again,
We value not the French,
The Dutch, or hanghty Spain;
But if they hover near us,
We will soon make countermand,
We'll make them feel our oak sticks
That grow in Paddy's land.

Come, come, my hearty boys,
Let's push about the flowing quart,
In the honour of Lord Nelson,
And each of his valiant sort;
And not forgetting Jarvis,
Who used to deck so very grand,
And to all the pretty lasses,
That ever comes from Paddy's land.

A Lament for Wellington.

Poetry by Eliza Cook. Music Nos. 373 and 370 in
the Musical Bouquet, price 6d.

Brave men have pass'd away,
While glory's tide ran fast;
As though a warrior's day
Held too much light to last.
Nelson and Woolfe were low,
When freedom's cause was won;
But fate delay'd the blow,
And crown'd thy brow with snow,
Wellington! great Wellington!

Long years have fill'd thy life
With honour's brightest sheaves;
The soldier's wreath of strife
Was hid by olive leaves.
And time has gently bow'd
Fame's first and noblest son—
While England tells aloud,
Her heart is sadly proud
Of Wellington! Wellington!

Great hero of the field,
Thine age was like thy youth;
Thy courage wore no shield,—
Thy watchword was 'the truth.'
Firm 'mid the flying shot,
Where smoke shut out the sun,—
Where blood run fast and hot.
There on the deadliest spot
Was Wellington! Wellington!

Brave soldier, thou art gone!
But fame will keep thee long;
And what thy might hath done,
Shall live in many a song.
Our foemen still shall fly,
When freedom's to be won;
While with our flag on high.
We give the battle cry,—
England and Wellington!

Whiskey in a Jar.

I am a young fellow that never yet was
daunted,
And oftentimes had money, but seldom it
was wanted,
For robbing for gold it was my own folly,
Paying for good liquor to treat deceitful
Molly.

Mush, ring a ding, a ra:

As I was going over Calvert mountains,
I met with Captain Everet, his money he
was counting,
First I drew my pistols and then I drew
my rapier,
Stand and deliver, for I am your deceiver.

Mush, &c.

Oh! when I got his money it was a pretty
penny,
I put it in my pocket, and took it home
to Molly,
When she swore by what was good, that
she never would deceive me,
But the devil take the woman for they
never can be easy.

Mush, &c.

Being both wet and weary I went to Mol-
ly's chamber,
I went to Molly's chamber for to have a
slumber,
Then she flew unto my pistols, and loaded
them with water,
I was dragg'd out of bed just as a lamb to
the slaughter.

Mush, &c